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ages, and all advertisements.

Newport Mercury.

ESTABLISHED, JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1858.

ments for the benefit of other per-
sons, as well as all legal advertise-
ments, and advertisements of real
estate, or auction sales, sent in by
them, must be paid for at usual
rates.
Cards of acknowledgment, religious
notices, and the like, one cen-
tation, 50 cents per square.
Births, marriages, and deaths in-
serted without charge; but all ad-
ditions to the ordinary announce-
ment, as obituary notices, &c., will be
charged at 4 cents per line, no charge
being less than 25 cents.
No paper will be discontinued
until arrears are paid, except at
the option of the publishers.
Job Printing,
in its various branches, executed
with dispatch.
F. A. PRATT, WM. MESSER.

Volume 101.

Number 5,205.

Children's Corner.

THE INDIAN AND THE BASKET.

Among Rhode Island's early sons,
Was one whose others share,
In plenteous and well-flavored fruit,
Rewarding all his care.
For household use they stored the best,
And all the rest conveyed
To neighboring folk, were ground and pressed
And into cider made.
The wandering Indian oft partook
The generous farmer's cheer;
He liked his food, but, better still,
His cider fine and clear.
And as he quaff'd the pleasant draught,
The kitchen fire before,
He longed for some to carry home,
And asked for more and more.
The farmer saw a basket new,
Beside the Indian laid,
And smiling, said, "I'll give to you
As much as that will hold."
Both laugh'd, for how could liquid thing
Be in a basket stay?
But the just answerer,
The Indian went his way.
When next from rest the farmer sprang,
So very cold the morning,
The kitchen fire he found
The Indian's basket hung
On every spray and thorn.
The brook that bubbled by his door,
Was deep, and clear and strong,
And yet, unfer'd by the frost,
Leap'd merrily along.
The self same Indian, by this brook,
The basketed farmer sees,
He laid his basket in the stream,
Then hung it up to freeze.
And by this process, oft renewed,
The basket soon was full,
A well-glazed vessel, tight and good,
Of most spacious form.
The door he entered speedily,
And claimed the promised boon,
The farmer, laughing heartily,
Fulfilled his promise soon.
Up to the basket's brim he saw
The sparkling cider rise,
And to rejoice his absent spouse,
He bore away the prize.
Long lived the good man at the farm,
The house is standing still,
And still leaps merrily along,
The much diminish'd rill.
And his descendants still remain,
To tell to those who ask it,
The story they have often heard,
About the Indian's Basket.

WALKS ABOUT NEW YORK.

I had occasion, this morning, to call at
the Home of the Friendless. Saw several bright
little children who have lately been rescued
from want and degradation, and are now in this
sheltering fold. Two of these were taken from
the arms of a murdered mother, whose death
they had witnessed by the hand of an im-
pudent father. It was affecting to think of
these poor little creatures, worse than orphans.
Many children are sent from this institution to
the West. A few extracts from a report of one
of these companies will be interesting to our
young friends.
There were many affecting scenes at the mo-
ment of our departure from the wharf of the
N. Y. & Erie Railroad. One gentleman said
that he had lived in New York ten years, but
had never before witnessed so affecting a sight
—others expressed themselves not feeling like
while others still testified by their tears to the
interest of the scene. Such a company of chil-
dren, most of them without father or mother,
forms the background of a sad picture, which
was relieved, however, by the evidence of their
tidy dress, and polite behavior. We think that
none of them as they saw that long train tripping
along two by two, and witnessed their merry
joy at the thought of their ride and future
homes, that at parting with those who had been
to them in the place of mothers, felt unopposed
for the trouble taken to witness such a sight,
and speed us on our way. The conductor of the
train allotted us a car—two gentlemen lifted the
children in—the signal, "all aboard," was given—
the locomotive gave some long puffs to
start its heavy load, and we were fast leaving
that great city which had been the theatre of so
many phases of suffering in the past history of
our youthful charge.
"Oh, do look here!" "See, see there,
quick!" "Oh, now, don't we go?"—had prob-
ably been repeated a thousand times with num-
berless variations, when it began to grow dark
and bright eyes became dim, so that even the
sparkling sky, the windows, like a cloud of
motors could not keep the heavy eyelids from
closing. Disposing the children upon the ample
seats in the best way possible, we advised them
all to go to sleep, but just as was one finely
napping, something would arouse his neighbor
and for a time all drowsiness would be forgot-
ten. The night wore slowly away, though many
of the company had doubtless a far better lodg-
ing place than when at some previous period in
their history they had been glad to get a barrel
or a pile of straw for a bed.

THE LITTLE COFFIN.

"Twas a tiny rosewood thing,
Faint and dim,
With its stars of silver white,
Silver tablet, black and bright,
Downy pillow, satin lined,
That I, loitering, chance to find
Mid the dust, and scent and gloom
Of the undertaker's room.
Ah! what love-litened cradle-bed
Keeps to-night the nestling here,
Or what soft, pillowing breast
Is the cherub form at rest,
That ere long, with darkened eye,
Sleep to an ill-laid.
Wholly reposed, and still and cold,
Pale flowers slipping from its hold,
Shall this dainty coffin enfold?
Ah! what better tears shall stain
All this satin sheet like rain,
And what towering hopes be hid
'Neath this tiny coffin to decay,
Scarcely large enough to bear
Little words that must be there,
Little words, cut deep and true,
Sweetest, pet name, and "Amen Two!"

Oh! can sorrow's hovering plume
Round our pathos, gloom, and gloom,
Chill and darkness as the shade
From an infant's coffin made?
By our arms an angel flies,
And our startled, dazed eyes,
Weeping round its vacant place,
Can not rise its path to leave,
Cannot see the angel's face?

From Goethe.

PROVERBS—WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

Down who dost in Heaven bide,
Every pain and sorrow still;
Him who two-fold sorrow bestride,
With a two-fold solace still;
Oh! this tossing, late it ceases—
What means all this pain, unrest?
Soothing peace!
Come, O come into my breast! o. n. c.

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Poetry.

LOVE THEE?

BY ANDREW BOYD.

Ab! "the world!"
The bright, the beautiful, the joy-giving world!"
Wouldst be "a blank without thy love?"
By thy sweet lips with vermeil glow—
Thy cheeks of apple-blossoms hue,
Yes! by thine eyes of starlight blue,
And step as light as flakes of snow;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By thy smile like golden sunbeams—
By thy lips that speak as sweet;
As if some rill sang at our feet,
Or fairy music in our dreams;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By thy soul-lit cheeks, wherein seems
Sweet rose-buds and fuschia-bells—
The rich pink of ocean shells—
Sop'd together in pearls streams;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By thine eyes of truth and gladness;
That ever shed a heavenly ray;
Of sunshine on my weary way;
By thy fair charms of loveliness;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By thy heart—pure as Dian's well—
Pearls hid in chaste obscurity
Doth not contain more purity,
Than where such love and goodness dwell;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By thy sweet name so very dear—
By hours we've loved so fond and tender—
Torturing bliss to be asunder—
Impatient wishes thou wert near;
Sweet maid I love thee.
By the "charming agues of love"—
By the hazy bliss to meet,
And parting thro' so sacred sweet,
By all on earth, or heaven above,
Sweet maid I love thee.

For the Mercury.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

BY EVELINE.

All night on a couch of weeping pain,
I thought the blight would never come again,
So long seemed the hours, and so weary their day,
Till the star of the morn led in the new day.
Then calm lay my head on its pillow of white,
My low lay enlaid in the beautiful light,
I felt that God's peace had come down from the
skies,
That his angels had kissed the tears from my
eyes.
I slept, and I dreamed of the heavenly shore,
Where the piercings of pain are felt never more,
Where the flowers are thornless, the grass ever
green,
And beauty in verdure unchanging is seen.
I woke, and new life was entrancing each vein,
My body was freed from the thralldom of pain,
The night clouds of anguish had glided away,
Thy grateful soul joyed in the break of the day.

THE SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

The following lines were written by THEODORE
pronounced (Tol-um-a-ray), the oldest son of the
Ojibway chief Mung-wadous, who, with his fam-
ily, recently illustrating the manners and cus-
toms of the aboriginal inhabitants of our country. They
give evidence of a highly poetic turn of mind.

The line to heaven by Christ was made—
With heavenly truth the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal, where it ends.

Repentance is the station, then,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay—
For Jesus is himself the way.

The bible, then, is engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

God's love the fire; his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train,
All who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ—in him abide.

In first, and second, and third class,—
Repentance, faith and holiness,
You must the way to glory gain,
Or with Christ can never reign.

Come, then, poor sinners, now's the time;
At any place upon the line
If you repeat and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

Laws of Rhode-Island.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVI- DENCE PLANTATIONS.

In General Assembly, May Session, A. D. 1858.

AN ACT in amendment of an act entitled "An
act incorporating the city of Newport and of
the acts in amendment thereto."

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The first section of an act in ad-
dition to an act entitled "An act incorporating the
city of Newport," passed at the January session,
1854, is hereby amended to read as follows:

The executive powers of said city generally, and
the administration of police, with all the powers
hitherto possessed by the town council of the town
of Newport and of its members by virtue of their
office, (whether said said mentioned powers were
conferred by the general assembly or by the town),
except the power of passing by-laws and ordi-
nances, shall be vested in the mayor and alder-
men. All other powers now vested in, or by the
charter of said city conferred upon the inhabitants
or electors of Newport, or in the council thereof,
shall be vested in the mayor and aldermen and the
common council of said city, to be exercised by
concurrent vote, each board to have a negative
upon the other.

Section 2. Such portion of the acts of which this
is in amendment, as are inconsistent herewith are
hereby repealed.

True copy—witness:
JOHN R. BARTLETT, Sec'y.

AN ACT establishing the Town Council of War-
wick to establish sidewalks in said town.

It is enacted by the General Assembly as follows:

Section 1. The town council of said town are
hereby authorized and empowered in their discre-
tion to pass such ordinances in relation to the lay-
ing down and establishing sidewalks within the
limits of the highway in said town, as they may
think proper, and impose such penalties for the
violation of any such ordinance as they may think
proper, not exceeding for any one offence the sum
of ten dollars.

True copy—witness:
JOHN R. BARTLETT, Sec'y.

Selected Tale.

THE FRENCH WIDOW.

The year during the Exposition, Paris
was visited by the same mania for lodging
letting which ravaged London in 1851,
during the great Exhibition. From the
middle of April, hanging up at the doors
of the houses in the fashionable and central
neighborhood of the French capital, might
be seen bills with "Joli appartement meuble
a louer presentement," and many a family,
many a widow, many a bachelor or widow-
er, migrated to some distant outskirts,
giving up their apartments to strangers or
foreigners, in consideration of receiving
some thousand francs—while they them-
selves nestled down, during the great influx,
in some humble locality, within or without
the walls. In letting there was no distinc-
tion of nation made; the terms were the
same for one and for all—for the native
compatriot, as well as the Milord Anglais;
for the German baron, as well as the Rus-
sian boyard, the Polish count, the dollar
laden American; for everybody, in short
who could pay: that was the condition.

Madame de Y—, a young and hand-
some widow of five-and-twenty, who, on
the first of April in that memorable year
had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself
among the rest to the reigning epidemic.—
One morning she rang for the lodge keeper
of the house, in which she resided in the
Champs Elysees, and ordered him to
unroll the universal bill. "Lodgings to
let."

"What running up and down I shall
have of it!" he exclaimed, with a piteous
shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter,
who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance,
for he also hoped to reap a golden harvest
from the new comers.

"N'importe, Andre," continued the char-
ming young widow; "let my apartment for
three thousand francs and you shall have
your commission of five per cent, if to a
bachelor or widower; four per cent if to a
married couple, without any incumbrances;
and three per cent, if to a family; and here
are five francs to drink my health."

"Alas! alas!" groaned Andre as he
pocketed the silver piece, and promised, in
a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do
his best. That evening, the widow, ac-
companied by her femme de chambre, took
up her quarters in a small cottage near the
village of Fontenay-aux-Roses, outside the
Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the
pretty Bois de Meudon, where she rusti-
cated in the full enjoyment of her independ-
ent widow-hood till the expiration of the
term.

On the 2d of August following, Madame
de Y— returned to Paris, and drove to
her residence, believing that her apartment,
which had been let by the porter, was
vacated and ready for her.

"Madame," said Andre, "the gentleman
has not yet gone."

"What gentleman, Andre?"

"The lodger, madam—Monsieur de R—,
a provincial gentleman very handsome.—
Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him
three days ago that his time was up, and
that he must go; but he said to me it was
all right—it was his affair, and he should
square all matters with madame."

"Go and inform him, Andre, that I have
returned, and want my apartment immedi-
ately."

"I see, madame, completely useless,
he's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't
listen to me; 'tis with you alone he wishes
to confer."

"Be it so, Andre; go before, and an-
nounce me. Madame de Y— was received
most graciously and politely by the occu-
pant, who thus addressed her:

"You cannot conceive, madame, how
comfortable I find myself in this your
pretty apartment, and how much I desire
to spend in it the remaining time I have to
stay in your charming capital, and I fondly
hope you will have the goodness to allow
me so to do; whatever be your terms, I
accept them beforehand."

To this the widow replied, somewhat
surprised, that she had no terms to propose;
that she wanted her apartment, and must
have it. But greater still was her surprise
when she heard the provincial declare his
determination to keep it, even if it were nec-
essary to stand a regular siege. Madame
de Y— endeavored, as gently as possible,
to make him understand the impropriety of
his conduct; but to no avail, for the lodger
pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence and
wit. The debate became warmer and
warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady
gaining ground; while Andre slipped off
to his lodge, informing his better half that
the storm was gathering above. At last,
after much speechifying on both sides, the
gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently
deep reflection, spoke again.

"Well, madame, said he, 'there remains
but one way to arrange our little dispute,
so as to enable you to resume your posses-
sion of your delightful residence, without
ousting me.'"

"What is your meaning, sir?" demand-
ed the young widow, looking still more
charming in her amazement.

"My meaning is this, madame; my
name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B—.

I belong to an old and honorable family—
am a bachelor, and two and thirty years of
age. My estates are worth fifty thousand
francs a year; but this I mention merely
out of respect to the laws of business; and
despite the originality and queerness of
my conduct, which may perhaps have of-
fended you, I am considered a very good
natured person; and upon the whole I
flatter myself that I am a man fully capa-
ble of making a lady happy. Will you
therefore do me the honor of accepting my
heart, my hand, and my fortune?"

To this sudden proposal, Madame de
Y— replied with dignity: "Your jest is
not in very good taste, sir, and all I can
do is to laugh at it."

"Serious, most serious madame, I am
indeed—and beg you to believe it."

"What, sir! you propose marriage mere-
ly that you may not have to give up my
apartment?"

"A little upon that account, madame,
but still more because of a more overpow-
ering reason; for, among the many con-
siderations I have had the honor of laying
before you, there is one I dared not men-
tion; but allow me now to confess it—I
love you."

At this avowal, Madame de Y—
blushed to the eyes—what lady, young or
old, would not have done so, particularly
when the avowal came from a young, hand-
some and wealthy man! However, she
took it in good part, and laughed outright
at her interlocutor.

"You are laughing, and however—"

"Your folly provokes my laughter, Mon-
sieur le Baron; I really cannot help it."

"Nevertheless Madame, I can assure you
I am fully master of my reason, or at least
of as much of it as remains, subdued as it
is by intense passion."

"What, sir! intense passion at first
sight?"

"You forget Madame, that I have now
been living three long months in your
apartment, and that your portrait, which I
now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging
up there in the next room. It was the
first object which caught my attention on
entering, and I have looked at it and ad-
mired it every day since. Nor was I cap-
tivated by the charms of your beauty alone,
for I am well acquainted with your merit
in every way, your many superior qualities
and your irreproachable character. A man,
however little versed he may be in woman-
ly affairs, cannot spend three months in a
lady's apartment without noticing and study-
ing many things disclosing her habits, her
tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute
and perhaps an indiscreet observer. Mad-
ame, and what I have discovered has cap-
tivated my heart forever; that heart I of-
fer you again, and humbly wait your an-
swer to know my fate."

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in
the Baron's language, it was the resolve of
a man who had made up his mind, and was
determined to succeed. But the more he
urged his suite the less he advanced in it;
till at last the widow signified to him in
due form and unmistakable phraseology,
that he must instantly shift his quarters,
thus giving him his leave, and intimating
to him at the same time, that he must never
think of setting foot in her residence
again.

"Very well, Madame—I withdraw, and
will not return until you invite me to do
so," the answer to which parting words
was a saucy smile, and a toss of the head
which evidently meant "You have long to
wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving
such an invitation."

However, at the end of a few days the
invitation was sent, and the Baron arrived
just as the widow had finished making her
self look more charming than ever.

"What have I been apprised of Sir?" said
Madame de Y— to him as he seated
himself in an arm chair right opposite to
her. "During my absence you brought
my long pending law suit to an amicable
arrangement."

"Why, yes, madame, but you must be
neither pleased nor displeased with me on
that account, as I acted only in my own
interest."

"How so, if you please Baron?"

"The fact is, the lawyers clerks were
calling here with their papers every day,
and, owing to a heavy and protracted suit I
once had myself, I have an utter aversion
to every limb of the law, as our allies
Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being ac-
quainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor
of mine, I made use of my influence over
him, and soon got him to forego his un-
founded claim; and he made over to me
what he called his rights. It is therefore
an affair between him and me. But rest
assured Madame, that your delicacy and
susceptibility shall never have to complain
of my proceedings. Your law-suit is for-
ever quashed." Whereupon the Baron
looked the widow steadfastly but respect-
fully in the face, and gave no further ex-
planation.

Madame de Y— was somewhat con-
fused, but in spite of herself she was con-
tinually forced to think of her ex-tenant.
In every room of her apartment he had
left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry,
pencilings, songs, music composed by him-
self, thoughts and maxims, etc., written in
her album and scrap books. All these gal-

lant attentions seemed most charming to
her while they piqued her curiosity; and
when the important part of the female con-
stitution is awakened, other sentiments soon
come forth and blossom.

Now, it happened that the day after the
Baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the
mother of a family to whom Madame de
Y— was in the habit of giving stated
pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her
last munificent donation, which, she said,
would keep her and hers forever.

"You were absent my too generous ben-
efactress, but I had the honor of meeting
with your husband."

"Ah, Madame, what an excellent, what
a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well
you are matched, for you suit each other ad-
mirably. Yes Madame, I told him every-
thing, how kind, how Providence-like, you
were to me. He seems to love you very
much, and how could that be otherwise?"

"Good woman, says your husband to me,
Madame, your benefactress is absent for the
time being, but ere she went, she left this
with me for you; thereupon he put into
my hands a pocket book containing bank
notes—a fortune, Madame. I was loth
to accept it at first, but he would have me
take it, although God knows you have al-
ready done much for me and my poor father-
less children. Ah, dear Madame how
happy you must be with such a husband!

"But 'tis only the just reward of your ex-
cellent heart and Christian virtues. Heav-
en bless and preserve you both, years and
years to come."

"Strange, strange, passing strange,"
thought the widow. "Settle my tedious
law suit, provide for my poor widow and
children, leave some trace of himself every-
where around me. But men are such
queer characters, such originals now-a-
days."

She resolved, however, not to speak to
the Baron of his generous conduct towards
her proteges, fearing lest she might betray
her sensibility at so noble an action. But
another circumstance soon came to light,
which caused the Baron to be invited sud-
denly and nervously the second time. This
circumstance was as follows:

A young coxcomb, Leopold de R—,
imagined that he had fallen in love with
Mad. de Y—, because living in the house
opposite to hers, he had chanced now and
then to see her at her balcony.

After many days anxiety, he determined
on writing her a billet doux, informing her
of his love, and stating that he would call
that evening for an answer. Having writ-
ten his note, he wrapped it up in a small
paper parcel, and jerked it over the bal-<

